

PORTAGE

SENTINEL

"OPPOSITION TO TYRANNY, IS OBEDIENCE TO GOD."—THOMAS JEFFERSON.

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CORALINE.

A TALE OF LOVE AND HEROISM.

CHAPTER I.

"Here," said I, "there once flourished an opulent
city; here was once the seat of a powerful empire."
—Volney.

The sun had passed the meridian, and the
shadows of the rocky peaks of the
Hetzdera, the summit of a thousand moun-
tains, as they have been called in the glow-
ing poetical language of Ferdosi, had be-
gun to stretch themselves over one of the
most rich and beautiful districts in Persia;
the fertile plains of Persepolis, and Schiras.
The clouds which in rude masses were
piled above the Hetzdera, were touched
on their margin with crimson, and purple
and gold; and while they showed, in bold
relief, against the spotless, blue sky, were
in all their brilliancy, and magnificence,
reflected from the smooth, flowing, spir-
ingled Bendemir. The fragrance of the or-
ange groves and the beautiful bananae, blen-
ded with the breath of clustering roses,
which bordered the tranquil Bendemir,
came over the senses in all their sweetness
and the ripe, tempting blush of the deli-
cious peach of Persia, was mingled in the
same garden with the scarlet blossoms of
the pomegranate.

The towering and majestic columns of
ruined Persepolis, raised their proud heads
in the midst of silence and desolation, and
their shadows, as they lengthened across
the ruins, darkened dust formed by the ac-
cumulation of mortal mould for countless
centuries. What a place for moralizing!
Persia's proud monarchs, where were they?
Cyrus, the man destined by Heaven to hum-
ble Babylon—Cassius, who brought to
final close the long line of the Pharaohs,
and caused the sun of Egyptian glory to
set in desolation and blood; had here as-
sembled their legions—here displayed their
unbounded magnificence and power—but
now perhaps that very whirlwind which is
sweeping through the columns of that
stupendous temple, is sporting with their dust,
and mingling it with that of their nearest
and remotest slaves. Here, too, Schiras lies
in ruins, and its beautiful gardens, and
from its minarets is heard the followers of
Ali, calling the faithful to prayers. But
the bustle of Schiras is hushed; its streets
are deserted; its crowds have poured forth
from its gates; and the pruning of Persia
stands, the glancing of scimiters, and the
clouds of smoke, plainly designate the
course pursued by the immense cavalcade.
Schiras was indeed that day empty. All
who could possibly join the throng, had
willingly assisted to swell the tide of hu-
man beings, that Schiras had that day
poured forth to greet the triumphant entry
of Abbas Mirza the son of the reigning Shah
who had been appointed governor of the
province, and who, in addition to the usual
parade on such occasions, had resolved to
make a magnificent entry, graced with the
splendor and renown he had acquired by
his successful termination of the Afghanis-
tan war. The immense crowd had slowly
made their way near the foot of the first
range of the Hetzdera; and within view
of that sublime and terrific pass, which
forms almost the only opening through the
mountains, and from whence the eye catches
the first glimpse of the beautiful plain
of Schiras, were waiting under a burning
sun, with breathless impatience, the ap-
proach of the Prince. In the throng, and
jostled by soldiers, Moollah, Emir and Sar-
accan, mingled with Armenian merchants
and dancing girls from Isphahan, the flow-
er of his harem, and pilgrims from the
Ganges—was to be seen a solitary Eng-
lishman, mounted on a high spirited Per-
sian charger, and accompanied by a single
attendant, whose turban and ataghan suffi-
ciently show his Asiatic origin. Murmurs
of impatience and dissatisfaction had begun
to buzz through the multitude; when a
band of Persian cavalry approached, decen-
ding the pathway, and instantly hushed all
symptoms of disapprobation. These heralds
of approach of the Prince were far more
richly and splendidly dressed than anything
which Francis Everington had ever seen,
accustomed, as he in some measure had
been, to the displays of oriental magnifi-
cence.

Francis Everington was an Englishman
who had accompanied Mr. Morley on his
embassy to Persia; but who had been left
at Isphahan when the embassy left that
country, and was now on his way to Bas-
sora, on the Persian Gulf with the intention
of obtaining a passage to India, and from
thence to Europe. He had taken a position
beneath a cluster of orange trees, which
served in some measure to shade him from
the intense heat of the sun, on a small em-
bankment from whence he had a fine view
of the mountains in the distance, and the
multitude by which he was surrounded.
He had stationed himself, too, fortunately,
at a point where the ready submission of
obedient slaves, all were now waiting to
prostrate themselves.

The attention of the living mass of human
beings, had been so much engrossed by the
party which they considered as the harbinger
of the Prince, that Everington and his

servant were scarcely noticed; and they
were standing nearly alone, when a Cir-
cassian merchant, having a young woman
in his company, was seen making his way
through the crowd, and approaching the or-
ange trees. The dress of the man suffi-
ciently indicated to the eye of Everington
his rank and wealth; had either been doubt-
ful, a glance at his companion would have
instantly removed them. The rich embroi-
dered velvet pantaloons, worn by the Per-
sian ladies, the splendid muslin robes—the
sheila, or girde by which it was confined—
the turban, encased over a profusion of
the rich Cashemier shawl, was thrown
carelessly over her head, and served when
necessary, the purpose of a veil; all de-
monstrated that a person of no ordinary
rank stood before them.

"That is the rich merchant, Herman;
and that female, his daughter, Coraline,
the most beautiful girl ever seen in Persia,"
said Hamors to Everington, as the stran-
gers came up.

With the instinctive politeness which
characterized Everington he removed from
his station beneath the orange trees, that
the young lady and her father might have
the benefit of the shade. The young lady
accepted the offer, but the father declined;
and motioned to Everington to resume his
station, which thus brought him in contact
with the fair Circassian.

A glance at the young lady showed that
she was tall and elegantly formed; and
the exact symmetry of her person was
shown by the dress which Persian ladies
know so well how to arrange. Partly over-
come by the fatigue of the ride, and partly
by the excessive heat of the day, she no
sooner found herself screened from the
sun by the orange bower, than she directed
her female attendants to divest her of her
head dress, and Everington had the happi-
ness of seeing the beautiful creature un-
veiled, and in all her loveliness. Never
had our young Englishman beheld such a
vision of beauty, as met his eyes, in the
surprising girl before him; and while he
inwardly admitted the truth of Hamors's
assertion, he cursed the custom and the fate
that doomed such a lovely creature to be
offered in the market to minister to Persian
vanity and lust. It was evident, as had
been hinted by Hamors that she was intend-
ed for his father for the harem of the
Prince; should she be fortunate enough to
attract his notice. No sooner was her
splendid turban removed than her curling
tresses, thickly sprinkled with pearls and
gems, and unconfined, except by a single
clasp of brilliant, flowed around the neck
and bosom, in all their untrammelled luxu-
riance. She had not alighted from her high
spirited and snow white steed, which with
proudly arching neck, and pointed ears,
seemed justly proud of his burden; but
with a countenance in which lofty feeling
was mingled with conscious purity, and vir-
gin innocence, she sat, hardly sensible of
the interest she had excited, and like the
goddess of beauty, an object worthy of the
involuntary homage paid by all around her.

The troops of cavalry had now reached
the foot of the mountain, where they were
received with shouts by the assembled mul-
titude, and with the most profound respect
by the multi and judges of the city. They
announced that the Prince might be ex-
pected in half an hour, and they as harbingers
of his approach were, ordered to make the
necessary arrangements for his reception.
They therefore commenced dividing the
multitude into two divisions, which lined
the road for a great distance on both sides.
In spite of some grumbling and some me-
naces on the part of the soldiers, at the ob-
stinacy of the infidel, as they termed Ever-
ington, he refused to quit his station, and
maintained his position beneath the orange
trees, and by the side of the enchanting
Coraline, who had been joined on the ad-
vance of the troops by her father. Scarce
had these preparatory measures been taken
when a discharge of artillery from the
mountain, announced that Abbas Mirza was
at hand. Soon the advanced guard appeared
winding over the rocky crest of the pass,
and in martial order slowly descended to
the plain. First came the advance guard,
splendidly attired, and mounted on black
horses; the long horse tails of their caps
streaming in the wind, and their scimitars
flashing like lightning in the bright sun.
Then came twelve eunuchs, the first of
the trophies of his victories over the rebellious
Afghans. They moved in single file
down the pass, caparisoned as they were
when the fortune of war placed them in the
possession of the Persian Prince.

Following these came a train of two
thousand captives, the flower of the Afghan-
istan army—men who had escaped the
hard-fought, but decisive battle which had
sealed their fate. They separated into di-
visions, by detachments of the cavalry, and
though bound and bare-headed, they showed
no marks of cowardly dejection, but bore
the undaunted air of men brave and robust,
but unfortunate, indeed, and conscious that
the cause in which they were suffering was
just. One hundred of the bravest of their
number had been selected and put to death,
as examples to those who might hereafter
be engaged in such projects, and these
were reserved to serve as slaves of the vic-
tor in carrying on those works of improve-
ment he had already projected. Then came
a train of two hundred Afghan maidens,
who had been torn from the happy hills
and valleys of their native homes, to swell
the train of the conquerors, and all in the
budding beauty of youth, destined to in-
crease the captor's wealth by their sale, or
minister to the licentious appetites of the
muslims, their inhuman masters. They
were unveiled, and as the beautiful train
passed the place where young Coraline was
sitting, the sigh swelled her gentle bosom,
and Everington saw a tear trembling on

the silken lashes of her dark eyes, as she
gazed with interest on their saddened fea-
tures, and contrasted her situation with
theirs.

"Alas!" thought Everington, as he look-
ed with admiration on the lovely girl, and
saw these proofs of her sensibility:—"How
little difference is there between their doom
and that to which you are destined?"

Next came a train of five hundred led
horses, each attended by a slave, and the
rich caparisons, their long waving manes
and tails; their proud walk and curving
necks, were a full proof of their value, and
the estimation in which they were held.
Then came the imperial flag of the empire,
borne by the king's standard bearer, its
broad folds of silk decorated with the arms
of Nadir Shah, waving in the wind. This
splendid monument of Persian greatness was
always guarded by a chosen body of nobles,
who had sworn on the Koran to preserve it
or perish. The Prince's band of music
next followed in the procession, and over
the sweet notes of flute and tabor were
heard at intervals the spirit-stirring notes of
the Abassian trumpet; and the thunder-
ing peals of the gong and tumbalon, echoed
from summit to summit along the moun-
tain and over the plain.

Amidst the discharge of cannon and the
shouts of the immense multitude, which
seemed to read the air, next appeared the
Prince Abbas Mirza himself, dressed in the
most rich and splendid manner—his ap-
parel glittering with gold and diamonds—his
beautiful milk-white steed richly caparison-
ed, and impatiently spurning the ground,
over which the pace of the procession com-
pelled him to move at so slow a rate. The
Prince appeared to be not far from thirty;
of fine and commanding figure, and an ex-
terior which denoted the successor to the
crown of Persia. He managed the horse
without the least effort—and exhibited in
every movement that grace and ease for
which the Persian in Asia, like the French-
man in Europe, is distinguished. Then
came, borne in closely covered palanquins,
on the shoulders of black eunuchs, and sur-
rounded by a guard of the same unfortu-
nate race, the favorite wives and concubines
of the Prince, those that constituted his ha-
rem; but were now, as always, effectually
secluded from the gaze around, and the criti-
cal observation of the multitude. Then
came another detachment of guards, and
the procession was closed by an immense
rabble of all classes, similar to that which
awaited their arrival in the plain.

CHAPTER II.

"This, my mean task will be,
To be a lady's man, as his lady is,
The mistress which I serve, quickens what's
dead,
And makes my labors pleasure."—SHAKESPEARE.

Two hours had already elapsed since the
signal which announced the appearance of
the Prince, was given, yet he had scarcely
reached the plain, and to the eye of an ob-
server, there was no end to the throng that
continued to pour down the defile. When
Abbas Mirza appeared among his new sub-
jects, loud and repeated shouts rent the air
—the most extravagant demonstrations of
joy were exhibited as he passed along the
avenue which had been kept clear for the
procession; and the Moollahs invoked the bless-
ings of Ali and the prophet upon him, not
forgetting a few imprecations upon the fol-
lowers of Omar, and the accursed infidels.

As the Prince slowly passed, the multi-
tude fell upon their faces, and remained in
that humiliating position until he had passed.
Not so with Everington; he had dis-
mounted from his horse as a proper tribute
of respect to the Prince, but when he saw
the crowd prostrating themselves, and ready
to lick the dust, he flung his arms over the
neck of his steed, and remained standing,
notwithstanding the entreaties of Hamors,
who pulled his master's coat, and requested
him at least to come so far as to kneel.
With a feeling which partly belonged to
his spirit as an Englishman, and partly to
his curiosity to see as much of the proceed-
ings as possible, he replied, "that no orders
had been issued to that effect, and therefore
he should act as he pleased."

At this moment Everington cast his eyes
on the fair Circassian, and saw with sur-
prise that she had imitated his example and
was standing by the side of her horse, from
which her father assisted her to alight. Ac-
customed, however, to pay obedience to her
father's command, she knelt, but it was
not until the position of Everington had
drawn the eyes of the Prince and his guard
upon them.

"You are lost, forever," said the terrified
Hamors, in an under tone, when he heard
one of the officers whisper to the Cadi, "see
that infidel dog; shall I not give his car-
cass to the ravens?"

In an answer, which was inaudible to Hamors,
appeared to postpone the punishment of the
tense time which had dared to offer such
an insult to the Prince. Perhaps Ever-
ington was the more insensible to the dan-
ger that threatened himself, from the cir-
cumstance of his attention being drawn at
that moment to his fair companion.

She was in the act of kneeling, at the
moment that the boldness of Everington had
attracted the notice of Abbas Mirza, but by
some accident, the veil which she had re-
sumed, occasioned by her haste to obey the
orders of her parent, fell off, and exhibited
to the charmed and fascinated eyes of the
Prince, all that blushing beauty that had
captivated Everington. He had involuntarily
paused for a moment, while she hasten-
ed to replace the veil, and escape the gaze
to which she was subjected. The Prince
ordered her father to approach. Hardly
understanding the nature of the command,
he advanced a few steps, and seeing the eye
of Mirza was still fixed upon him, again
dropped on his knees.

"Rise," said the Prince in a gracious
manner; "Everton kneel with you."
Herman obeyed.

"Is that beautiful maiden your daughter?"
Herman answered in the affirmative.

The Prince spoke a few words to a young
and gallant officer, and then directing an
attendant to bestow a purse of gold on Her-
man, passed on. During the interview
every nerve of Everington trembled with
agitation; and ere his heart had acknowl-
edged the interest which the lovely girl
near him, he found himself cursing the il-
lud which had thus given him so powerful
a rival. The procession moved on towards
Schiras, and the multitude followed in the
rear, in the same irregular and tumultuous
manner which had characterized their
march from the city. Everington assisted
Coraline in mounting her horse, and as he
did so, pressed one of the fairest, softest
hands he had ever seen, to his lips, and the
slight tremor of her hand, convinced him
that she understood the language it was in-
tended to convey.

It was with considerable difficulty that
Everington and his attendant managed to
keep near the merchant and his fair daugh-
ter; although she seemed evidently to wish
to remain near them. When they ap-
proached the gate of the city, where they
were to separate. Everington, who was
at her side, saw her lift the veil unnoticed
by her father, and the sweet smile which
accompanied her motioned farewell, caused
his blood to flash over him quick as the
electric storm. He bowed—she reached
forth her hand, and pressing it with ardor,
he hastily obeyed the signal of Hamors to
retire.

"By heavens!" said Everington to Hamors,
as they left the procession, and had taken
another direction, endeavoring to free
themselves from the confusion and bustle
of the entry of the cavalcade; "that young
Coraline is one of the most charming cap-
tures I ever saw; she is one of your Persis
dressed from Paradise to enchant and bless
mankind."

"So thinks Abbas Mirza," answered Hamors,
as he looked on with coolness as if he had
not mentioned a subject nearest to the heart
of Everington; "and unless I am much
mistaken, she is soon to add another to the
beauties he has already collected in his ha-
rem."

"Against her will she shall never become
his," said Everington with vehemence; "I
would tear her from him by force—I would
hear the lion in his den, rather than to see
that beautiful girl become his victim."

"Hush, for Ali's sake!" said Hamors; "if
you are overheard, it will be death to us
both. You may depend upon being closely
watched; your offence at the foot of the
Hetzdera will be sufficient to condemn you,
if you should be guilty of the smallest
action here, that could be construed into a
crime."

"Hamors," replied Everington, "I fear not
myself; I defy the power of Mirza; but
I cannot rest easy until I learn the destina-
tion of Coraline; we are now at the gate of
our mansion; do you return to the crowd,
and if possible learn the residence of Her-
man and his daughter. Get near her by
your can, and taking a fine brilliant from
his finger, added—"give her this ring; the
motto, 'I will never forsake,' will announce
to her my determination."

"My dear master," said Hamors as he took
the ring, "if you value your liberty, if you
value your life, listen for once to me—
forget that Coraline exists; give up all hopes
of her becoming yours, if you have for a
moment entertained that idea. I heard the
Prince give orders to the Cadi to provide for
Herman and his daughter, and to attempt to
gain her from him will be certain de-
struction."

"She shall be taken from him," replied
Everington, firmly; "unless she chooses to
remain with him; and much am I mistaken
if she would not prefer the desert and
liberty, to being the slave, or wife of Abbas
Mirza."

Hamors departed, and Everington, highly
displeased with that rule of Persian etiquette
which prevents a lady from allowing her-
self to be addressed in public, and had thus
prevented an explanation he so much desired,
threw himself upon the carpet to await,
with the anxiety and impatience of a lover,
the return of his servant.

He came at last, but he was unsuccess-
ful. He had indeed learned from a friend,
that by direction of the Prince, Herman and
his daughter had been conducted to a pal-
ace, though what one he could not learn,
and that the Prince had openly avowed his
admiration of the beautiful Coraline, and
his intention at no distant day of making
her his bride.

"You have indeed been unfortunate,"
said Everington, striving to restrain his im-
patience, "but she must be found."

"She shall be found," was the reply of
Hamors.

"Hamors, I do not question your fidelity,"
said Everington, who thought he dis-
covered in his servant's voice a fear that he
was deemed unfaithful.

"While life remains I will serve you,"
said the attached and faithful Hamors, and
perhaps I may this night be able to aid you
in your wishes. The Prince gives to-night
a splendid entertainment at the palace of
the king; I have some skill on the kanoon,
and I will endeavor to obtain admittance as
a musician, and see if I cannot there meet
or discover the object of your anxiety."

"Stay," said Everington, "a sudden
thought has entered my imagination. We
will change situations; I will be your ser-
vant, and accompany you; and trust to my
skill to make me welcome."

"Allah forbid!" exclaimed Hamors, you
will certainly be discovered, and then your
fate will be inevitable."
"You remonstrate in vain," said Ever-

ington, "my resolution is taken, and we
have not a moment to lose in making our
preparations."

These were soon completed, and in the
guise of Persian wandering minstrels they
soon left their mansion and mingled with
the crowd that were hastening to catch a
glimpse of the imposing and gorgeous
spectacle. Everington had spent so much
of his life in the east, that he was familiar
with the Persian language and music; and
he trusted to the tact and experience of Hamors
to extricate himself from difficulties should
any occur. They were not long in
reaching the palace; and passing the double
line of guards, were admitted into the
splendid apartments. Accustomed as Ever-
ington had been to eastern magnificence,
the scene which now burst upon him had
the overwhelming effect of enchantment. The
gilded colonnades—the glittering lamps—the
numberless mirrors that threw back, in
redoubled brilliancy, sparkling lights and
beautiful forms that were mingling in the
endless maze—and the crowd of moollahs
and emirs, with their waving plumes and
glittering scimitars, attendants upon the
Prince together with the uncertainty he felt
in regard to his success, and the certainty
of death, should he, the infidel, be detected
in the retreat of the faithful, almost made
Everington's head dizzy, and he half re-
pented his hazardous undertaking. With
as much confidence, however, as he could
assume, he and his servant mingled with
the throng and slowly made their way
through the first to the second room of state,
where the Prince was receiving the hom-
age of the new dignitaries of his govern-
ment, and the salutations of all those whose
situation or wealth entitled them to enter
the palace. Everington arrived at the
moment these ceremonies closed, and the
assembled multitude had begun to lodge
in the sports and festivities which the Prince
had prepared for the occasion. The wide
folding doors, which opened on the gardens
of the palace, were, as they entered, thrown
wide open.

Soft strains of music were heard, and the
lute and synda broke the spell which
seemed to enchain the faculties of all pre-
sent. Roses were strewn over the rich
Persian carpets, and the very air was per-
fumed—hundreds of the most bright and
beautiful of Schiras, were gliding to and
fro—parties of beautiful dancing girls from
India, brought to swell the train of the
Prince, their swelling bosoms scarcely
veiled, their white feet glancing in the
brilliant light of the lamps, and their robes
hung round with small silver bells, were
mingling in the voluptuous dance—around,
reclined on sofas, splendidly dressed in the
robes and shawls of the Cashmere, their tur-
bans sparkling with diamonds and pearls,
were to be seen the loveliest of women, and
at their feet, their adores, busy in pointing
out the most striking parts of the animated
scene. The musicians moved through the
apartments, as fancy or inclination prompt-
ed; now called to strike the lively kitar, or
tabor, to a company whose feet were mov-
ing in the gay waltz of the dance; in an-
other part, the soft kanoon might be heard,
as some impassioned lover poured forth his
soul in the song, and drew tears from the
breastless listeners. But while the talents
of Everington and his attendant were fre-
quently put in requisition, he in vain sought
among the sparkling eyes, and Peri forms
which made the palace seem a second para-
dise of the faithful the object of his wishes.
The superior tones of his lute made him wel-
come wherever he presented himself; but
his wanderings were frequently checked to
breathe forth some of those melting airs,
which never fail to enchant the soul, and
"lay it in ecstacy." The throne which had
been placed at one extremity of the apart-
ment, had been vacated, the cushions made
of the richest silks, and filled with down
from the cygnet of the Ganges, were now
pressed by their princely owner; he had
left his marble steps and ivory chair,
to mingle in the sweet confusion, to catch
at a less distance the bright glance of beauty,
and in the thoughtless pleasure and hilarity
of a subject, forget for a moment the cares
of government.

Everington passed on to the doors which
led to the gardens of the Prince. The cool
evening air was fragrant with the perfume
of myrtle and acacia, and per-
fumes from the cedar, the pomegranate
and the orange. The muskrose of the
Hendimir, lent its blossoms and lent
its fragrance, and the soft south wind came
over the fevered brow and anxious spirit of
Everington with happy effect. The moon
was shining brightly on Kiosk and Minaret,
and nearer the undefined bustle of the
city, and palace, was mingled with the
tripping of light feet—the melting strains
of music—and light-hearted laughter of be-
ings—seemed to have never known care.

Wearied with the fatigues of the day
and the exertions of the evening, and a
prey to a favorite anxiety, Everington and
his attendant Hamors, after enjoying the
beauties of the evening for a short time,
entered an ancient bower, and seated them-
selves on one of the raised and moss-cov-
ered banks. Hamors took his guitar and
touched the strings to so sweet and lively
a prelude that a number were soon collect-
ed around there. Soon came a party of
three or four, whose unconstrained and
graceful movements, the richness of their
robes, and the precious stones which glit-
tered in their turbans, plainly denoted to
be individuals of no ordinary rank. At-
tracted by the music, they approached, they
paused, and pleased, they seated themselves.
Here was one young lady, who after list-
ening some time to the praises bestowed
upon the gay serenade of young Hamors,
inquired if there was not one who could
strike the string to a sadder note, some
tale of hopeless, helpless love; and her

voice had something in it which showed
that such a theme would be far more con-
genial to her feelings.

The lady who made this request was
seated on a rich Indian shawl, which her
attendants had spread for her, and at her
feet was the person evidently her lover.
The ends of the silver woven turban which
encircled his head, hung gracefully behind
his shoulders; a scimitar, the handle of
which was studded with gems, was suspen-
ded at his side; and as the dancing moun-
tains, fell upon the ear with measured
and soothing softness—crowds were clus-
tered on the covered banks of the river,
—lighting-les were emulating the sweet
tones of the Persian lute, and synda, the
fire-fly, was darting amidst the thick won-
en and deep green foliage of the pome-
granate and Indian fig-tree, and from the
garden of the Prince came the rich odors
of the jessamine, citron and rose.

Everington and Hamors floated along
through the delightful scene, the former too
deeply intent on another object to fully
enjoy the witcheries of the present. The
wall next the water, were carefully and
anxiously examined, but even the ascer-
ting of Everington could discern no place
where access appeared within the limits of
possibility. Sometimes mingled with the
fragrance which the light evening breeze
wafted from the gardens, came the melting
sounds of distant music—gay and laugh-
ing voices—and once Everington started,
as tones, which he was willing to swear
were those of the charming Coraline, and
which sent the blood thrilling in his finger's
ends, were heard warbling one of those
sweet and pathetic airs for which the mail-
ens of her own country were celebrated.

They were about to relinquish their at-
tempt as hopeless; the river was washing
the last angle of the wall; the gay com-
pany had begun to disperse, and Everington
was about to give orders for their return,
when he happened to see that from the
branches of a pomegranate which rose be-
low the wall on the river side, a vine of
that kind which produces the rich wine of
Schiras, and which is sacred to the sun, had
spread its tendrils upon the wall, and load-
ed with fruit, had descended until its clus-
ters hung at the water's edge.

"What think you," said Everington, as
he turned the light machine in which they
were floating, so as to bring them close to
the wall; "what think you, Hamors, of
making a ladder of these vines with which
to scale the walls?—Is it practicable?"

"Perfectly so," answered the slayer, as he
grasped one of the vines and drew the knot
to the wall; "but would it not be advis-
able to wait until the moon has set, as at this
time we should be more likely to be ob-
served in our attempt than then?"

"True," replied Everington, "but you will
remember that by waiting, we shall dimi-
nish the chance of meeting those we wish to
see. Now is the hour, but it will soon be
past."

"It is enough," said Hamors; and in a
moment the light staff was secured to one
of the vines, thus, should it be necessary,
affording the means of escape. An angle
of the wall screened them in some measure,
by intercepting the light of the moon, and
in a few moments. Everington, followed
by Hamors, stood in safety on the top of
the wall, a distance of thirty feet from the
water. On the inside, the descent was at-
tended with little or no difficulty, and care-
fully reconnoitering the ground, Everington
advanced. It was not long before he
found himself in the vicinity of the very
bower where he had met the young Cora-
line and the Prince on the night of the fes-
tival. Everington had already passed sev-
eral groups of gay and laughing hours,
but she whom he most wished to encounter,
was not, he was confident, among them.

As he and his servant cautiously and si-
lently approached the secluded and beauti-
ful retreat, they suddenly heard voices, and
listening a moment, perceived they were
females conversing to and fro earnestly.
The quicker ear of Everington instantly
detected the silver tones of Coraline, and
his heart fluttered to think he was so near
the lovely object of his adoration. In a
whisper to Hamors, he directed him to re-
main where he was, while he ventured to
approach near enough to discover how man-
y, and what persons were there, and how
employed.

If danger was approaching, Hamors was
to communicate the intelligence by a shrill
whistle. Everington, then, with noiseless
step, approached the bower, and to his joy,
saw that the beautiful Coraline was reclin-
ing on the very couch which she had occu-
pied when he performed the part of a young
man who was evidently her attendant—
Near her one of the richest sofas of Isphahan,
which the Prince, on her happening to
mention the pleasure she took in visit-
ing that place, had ordered, without her knowl-
edge, to be placed there, and certainly
they could not have been destined to sup-
port a lovelier burden. Her hair was loos-
ened from the diamond clasp, and flowing
in rich curling tresses around her beau-
tiful and polished neck. She held in her
hand a cluster of the fragrant white roses
brought from the banks of the Nerbudda,
and was, while conversing slowly scatter-
ing the pure leaves around her.

"So perish our sweetest, dearest hopes,"
said she with a sigh; "to-morrow, Myrlid-
da, you say the Prince has determined this
hateful ceremony shall be performed, and
the sacrifice completed."

"Not to-morrow, madame, but the day af-
ter," replied the attendant.

"One more day of happy freedom is then
mine," said Coraline; "if I must become
the victim, let the sacrifice be delayed to
the latest hour possible."

"It can be delayed no longer," said the
servant; "you remember the last words of
Abbas Mirza this morning?"

"Remember them too well," replied the
young Circassian; "oh that I could see the
Frank once more, before I am lost to all
hopes of happiness."

Everington was on the point of throw-

ing their fanciful water-craft, were on the sur-
face of the beautiful and quiet stream, en-
joying all the glories of an oriental eve-
ning. The air was balmy, music came
over the waters—the light dipping of the
numerous oars fell upon the ear with mea-
sured and soothing softness—crowds were clus-
tered on the covered banks of the river,
—lighting-les were emulating the sweet
tones of the Persian lute, and synda, the
fire-fly, was darting amidst the thick won-
en and deep green foliage of the pome-
granate and Indian fig-tree, and from the
garden of the Prince came the rich odors
of the jessamine, citron and rose.

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through the delightful scene, the former too
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